

MARVEL
5401.com

STRACZYNSKI • GARNEY

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

BACK IN BLACK



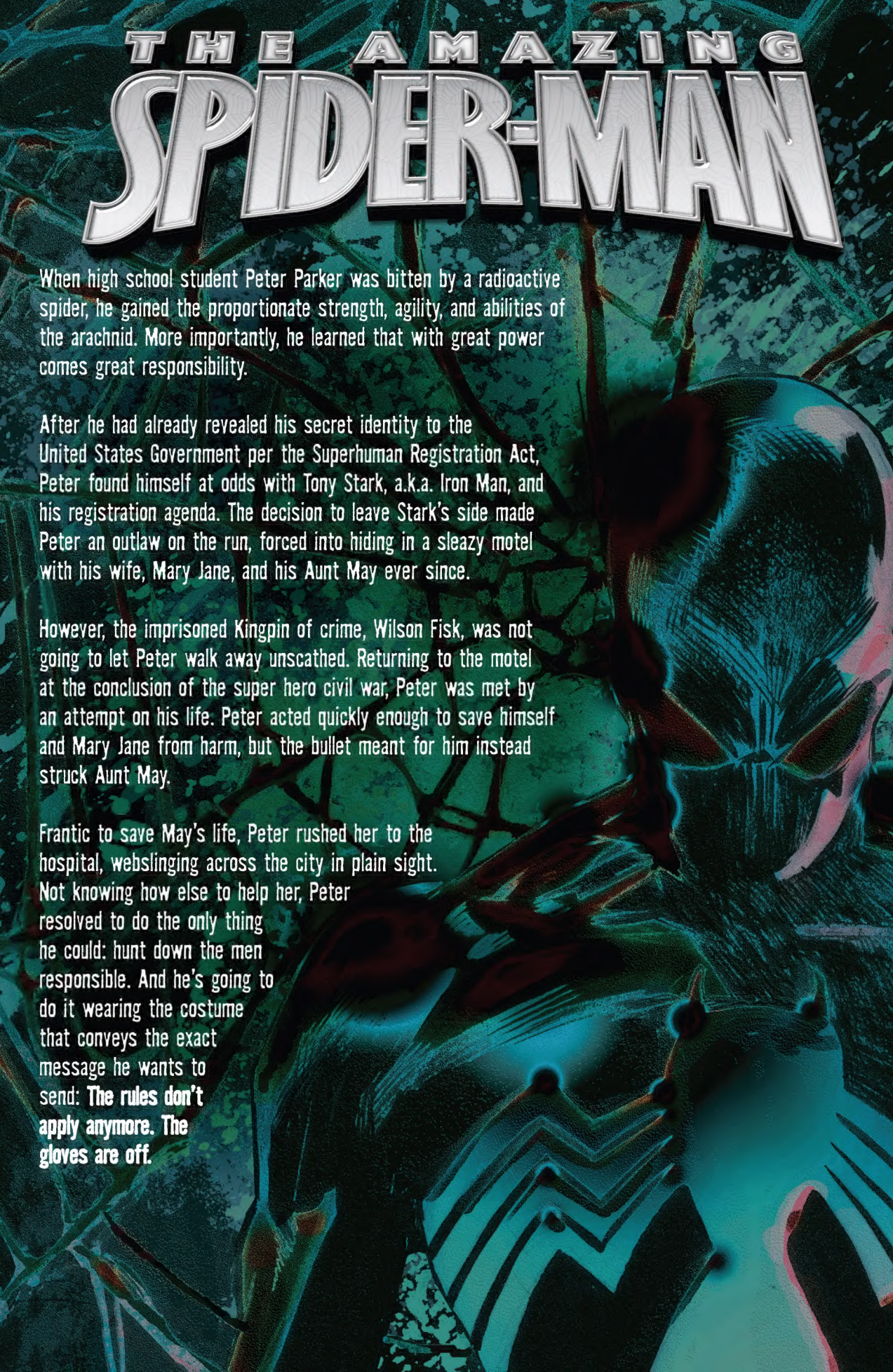
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

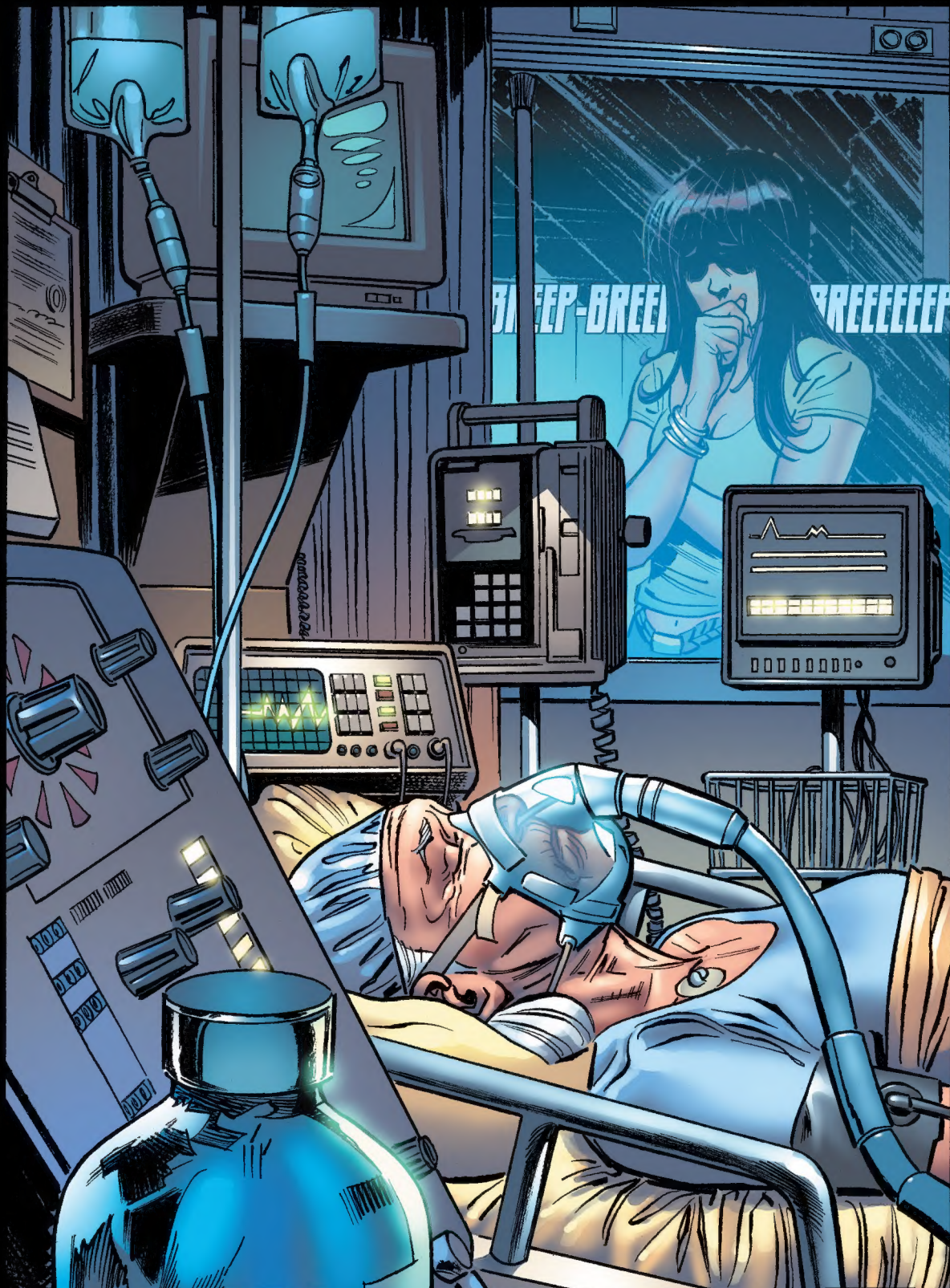
When high school student Peter Parker was bitten by a radioactive spider, he gained the proportionate strength, agility, and abilities of the arachnid. More importantly, he learned that with great power comes great responsibility.

After he had already revealed his secret identity to the United States Government per the Superhuman Registration Act, Peter found himself at odds with Tony Stark, a.k.a. Iron Man, and his registration agenda. The decision to leave Stark's side made Peter an outlaw on the run, forced into hiding in a sleazy motel with his wife, Mary Jane, and his Aunt May ever since.

However, the imprisoned Kingpin of crime, Wilson Fisk, was not going to let Peter walk away unscathed. Returning to the motel at the conclusion of the super hero civil war, Peter was met by an attempt on his life. Peter acted quickly enough to save himself and Mary Jane from harm, but the bullet meant for him instead struck Aunt May.

Frantic to save May's life, Peter rushed her to the hospital, webslinging across the city in plain sight. Not knowing how else to help her, Peter resolved to do the only thing he could: hunt down the men responsible. And he's going to do it wearing the costume that conveys the exact message he wants to send: **The rules don't apply anymore. The gloves are off.**





BACK IN BLACK

PART
2
OF 5

J. MICHAEL
STRACZYNSKI
WRITER

RON
GARNEY
PENCILER

BILL
REINHOLD
INKER

MATT
MILLA
COLORIST

VC'S CORY
PETIT
LETTERER

MICHAEL O'CONNOR
et DANIEL KETCHUM
ASST. EDITORS

AXEL
ALONSO
EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER



PETER...?

HOW IS SHE?

STILL IN INTENSIVE CARE. SHE--

--SHE'S IN A COMA, PETER.



BASICALLY SHE'S BEING KEPT ALIVE BY MACHINES RIGHT NOW. IF NOT FOR THAT, SHE'D BE--

THEY'RE HOPING THAT HER BODY WILL RECOVER ENOUGH TO TAKE OVER FROM THE MACHINES AT SOME POINT, BUT--



--BUT THEY SAY WE SHOULD BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

SHE'LL GET THROUGH IT. SHE HAS TO. SHE ALWAYS COMES THROUGH SOMEHOW.

SHOULD I BE THERE? IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO--

NO, RIGHT NOW THERE'S NOTHING ANYBODY CAN DO EXCEPT WAIT, EVEN THE DOCTORS SAY IT'S ALL UP TO MAY NOW.



THEY WON'T EVEN LET ME IN THE ROOM WITH HER, I HAVE TO LOOK AT HER THROUGH THE WINDOW LIKE SOME KIND OF GOLDFISH.

RIGHT NOW, IF YOU'VE GOT THINGS TO DO, THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO FOR MAY IS TO DEAL WITH THEM, AND GET WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS.



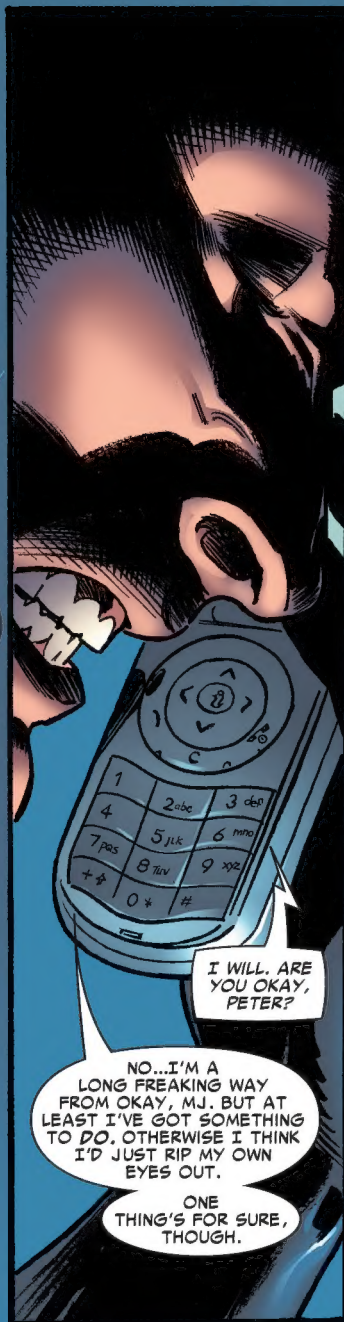
BECAUSE FRANKLY, THERE'S NOTHING TO DO HERE EXCEPT CRY.



OKAY,
I--

--GOD,
MJ, JUST...
GOD--

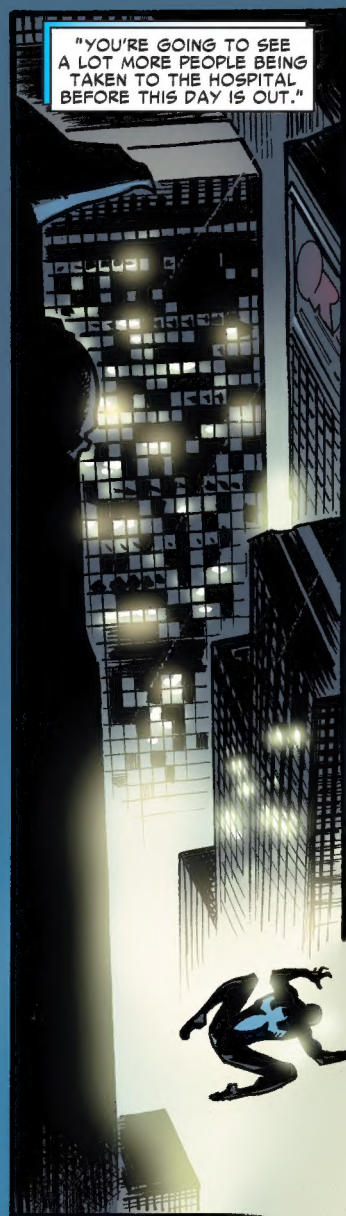
--I'LL CHECK
IN EVERY CHANCE I
GET, BUT IF ANYTHING
CHANGES, AND I MEAN
ANYTHING...CALL.



I WILL. ARE
YOU OKAY,
PETER?

NO...I'M A
LONG FREAKING WAY
FROM OKAY, MJ. BUT AT
LEAST I'VE GOT SOMETHING
TO DO. OTHERWISE I THINK
I'D JUST RIP MY OWN
EYES OUT.

ONE
THING'S FOR SURE,
THOUGH.



"YOU'RE GOING TO SEE
A LOT MORE PEOPLE BEING
TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL
BEFORE THIS DAY IS OUT."

The only lead I've got is a list of four names, black-market gun dealers who sell an extremely high-end sniper scope. Guys who don't like to rat out their customers.

But I can fix that.

Very--

--VERY--

--quickly.



Three down.
One to go.

Time to
turn it on.

LOOK,
PAL, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT,
I--



UNNGH!



YOU SELL
GUNS INTENDED FOR
ONE THING ONLY: TO
KILL PEOPLE FROM FAR
AWAY BECAUSE, LIKE YOU,
THE PEOPLE WHO BUY
YOUR GARBAGE ARE
COWARDS, AFRAID TO
GET TOO CLOSE.

SO YOU
LIVE UP HERE, WITH
THE RICH FOLK, HIGH
ABOVE THE GROUND
WHERE YOUR GUNS
ARE USED--

--WHILE THE
COWARDS WHO BUY
FROM YOU FIRE AT
INNOCENT PEOPLE
FROM ACROSS THE
STREET!



YEAH? SO WHAT'RE YOU
GONNA DO ABOUT IT, HOT-
SHOT? HALF THE COUNTRY'S
LOOKING TO ARREST
YOUR @##.

WHAT AM I
GOING TO DO
ABOUT IT?



NO...WAIT...
WAIT--

11000000!



SO.

WANT TO
ASK ME A
SECOND TIME
WHAT I'M
GOING TO DO
ABOUT IT?

NO...NO,
PLEASE...I'LL DO
ANYTHING.

YOU SELL
GUNTER-WASS
SNIPER SCOPES.
VERY HIGH-END.
HARD TO GET IN
THE STATES. WHO
DID YOU SELL
THEM TO?

I ONLY
GOT IN A
COUPLE, I
SWEAR--

NAMES.

RIGHT.

NOW.

He does
as I ask.

The first two names belong
to rich hunters who like to cut
down the odds when it's them
and a safari party against an
animal half a mile away.

But the
third name...

...the **THIRD**
name...

...was the name I'd
come looking for.



Jake Martino. A hit man working freelance around the country, doing jobs nobody else wanted. Which meant his attack on us wasn't personal, somebody hired him. The question now is who.

The dealer said Jake had friends in high places, that he was connected. Untouchable.



Well, he's about to **GET** touched. But first I need to find out where he is, and I don't have a lot of time. He might already be getting ready to bug out.



So I decide to cut through the red tape.

LOOK, PAL, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO DO THIS IN AN ALLEY--

S'NOT MY FAULT...I HADDA LOT TO DRINK, AND WHEN YOU GOTTA GO, YOU GOTTA GO--

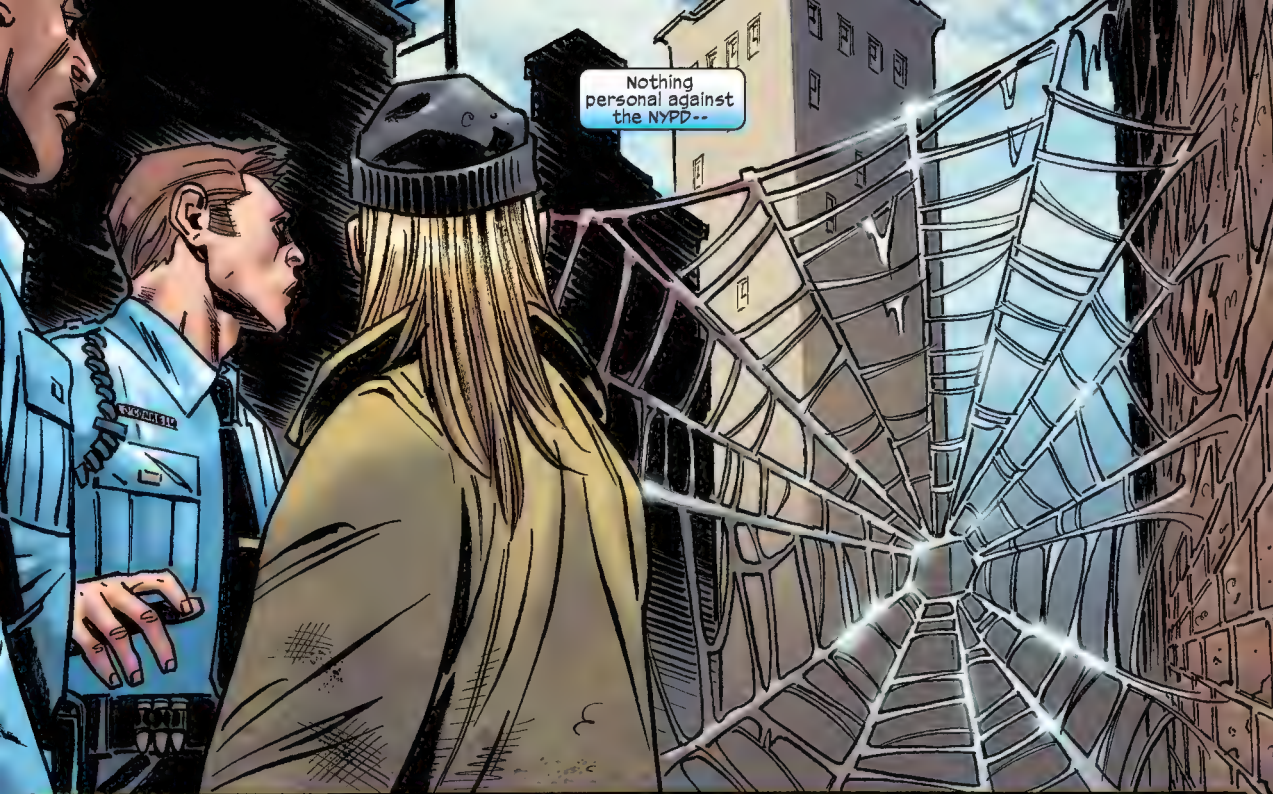


LOOK, WE ALL GOT PROBLEMS. I GOTTA GO TOO, BUT I WAIT UNTIL I GET SOMEWHERE THAT I CAN--

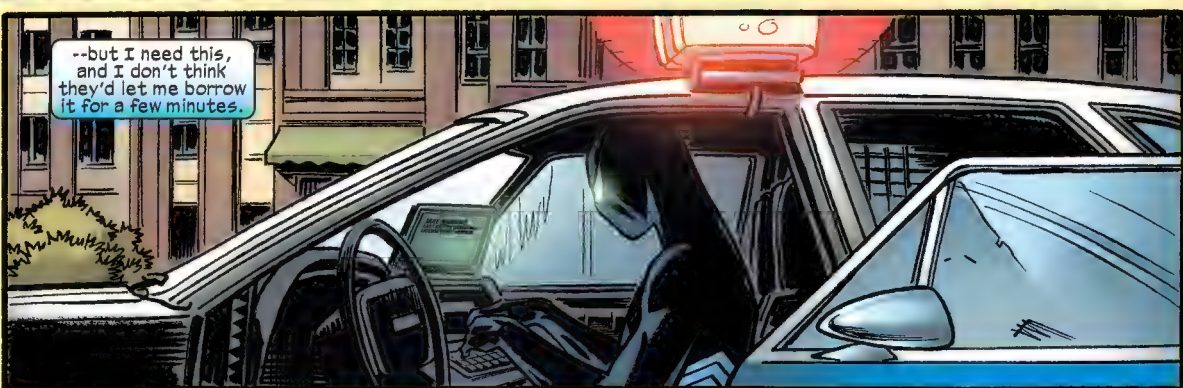
UHM, MAC?



THAT MAY NOT BE AN OPTION.



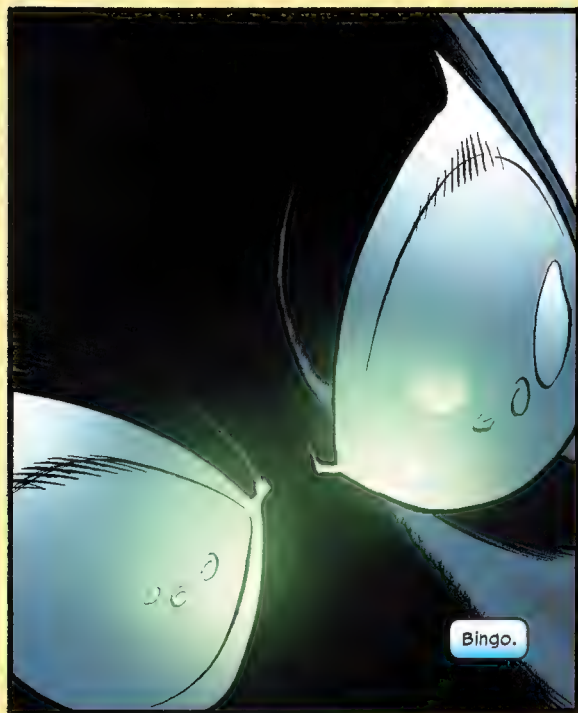
Nothing
personal against
the NYPD--



--but I need this,
and I don't think
they'd let me borrow
it for a few minutes.



Come on, come on,
come on...what're they
giving the NYPD these
days for computers,
old Commodore 64s?

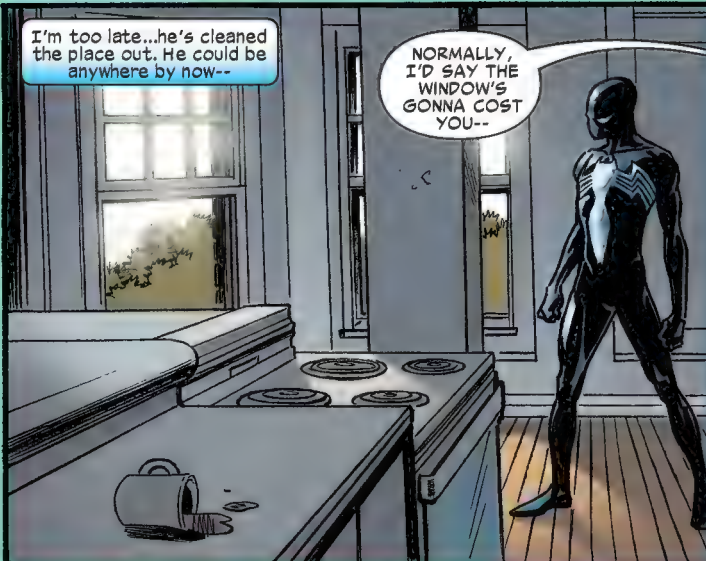


Bingo.

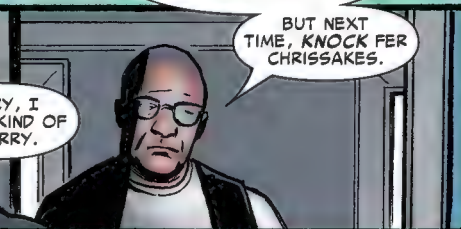


I'm too late...he's cleaned the place out. He could be anywhere by now--

NORMALLY, I'D SAY THE WINDOW'S GONNA COST YOU--

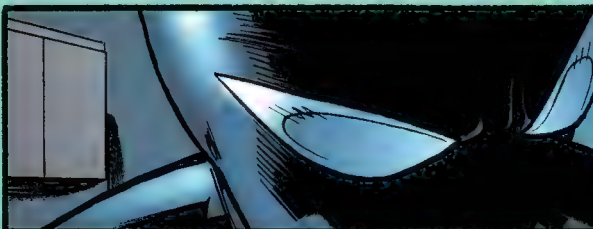


--BUT I SAW YOU ON THE TV FIGHTING ALONGSIDE CAPTAIN AMERICA. USED TO BE IN THE ARMY MYSELF, AND WE ALL GOT A LOT OF RESPECT FOR CAP. ANYBODY WHO'S OKAY WITH HIM IS ACES BY ME.



BUT NEXT TIME, KNOCK FER CHRISAKES.

SORRY, I WAS IN KIND OF A HURRY.



AM I RIGHT THAT JAKE MARTINO LIVES HERE?

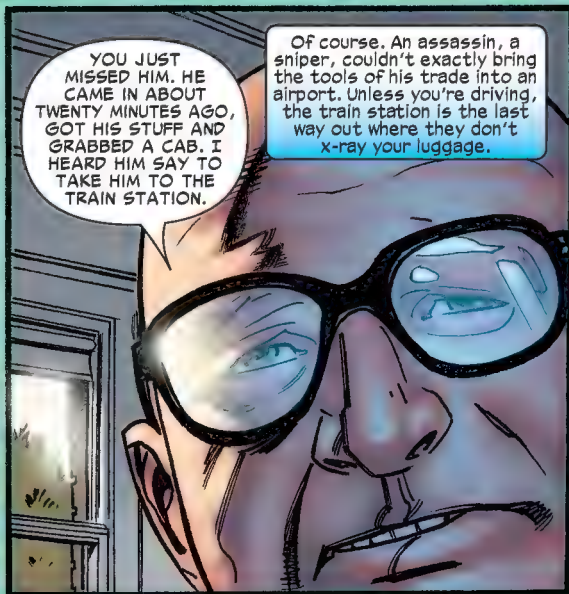
YEAH. NICE GUY. QUIET. PAYS HIS RENT ON TIME, IN CASH. ONLY STAYS IN TOWN A FEW DAYS HERE AND THERE. I THINK HE MUST BE LIKE A CONSULTANT OR SOMETHING.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIM?



YOU JUST MISSED HIM. HE CAME IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO, GOT HIS STUFF AND GRABBED A CAB. I HEARD HIM SAY TO TAKE HIM TO THE TRAIN STATION.

OF course. An assassin, a sniper, couldn't exactly bring the tools of his trade into an airport. Unless you're driving, the train station is the last way out where they don't x-ray your luggage.





THANKS FOR
THE HELP. NOW I
HAVE TO--

WHAT,
YOU CAN'T USE
THE DOOR LIKE
A CIVILIZED
PERSON?

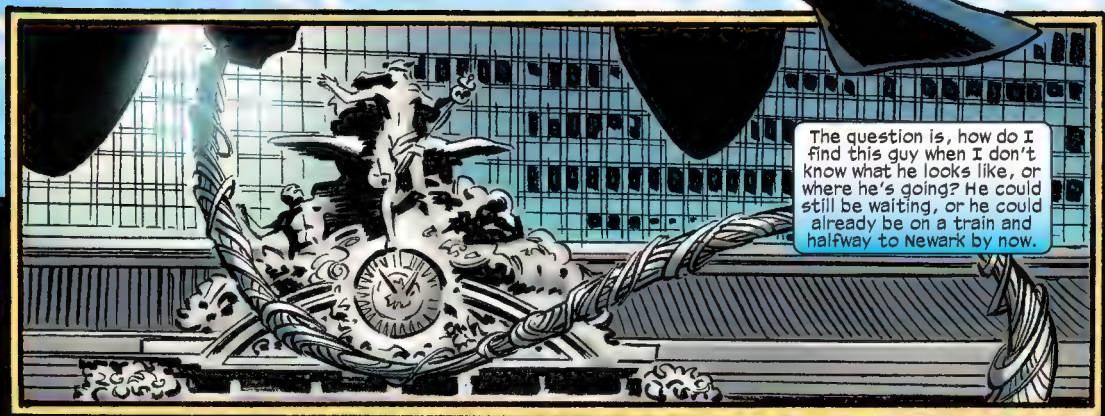


LISTEN, YOU OUGHTA KNOW...
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY GUY
LOOKING FOR JAKE! TWO OTHER
GUYS WERE JUST HERE! YO!
DIDJA HEAR ME?

I heard him. My guess is that
whoever hired him is looking to
slam the door, make sure I can't
find out who ordered the hit.



Which makes it
all the more vital
that I find him
before they do.



The question is, how do I
find this guy when I don't
know what he looks like, or
where he's going? He could
still be waiting, or he could
already be on a train and
halfway to Newark by now.

There's just one chance, assuming he hasn't already left.

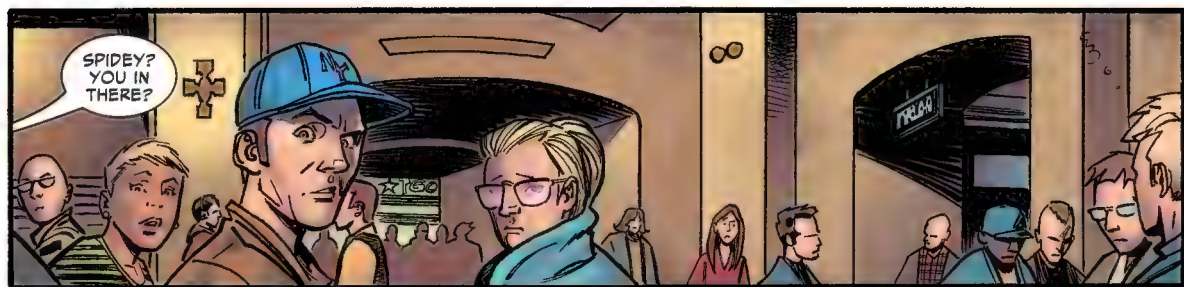
HEY, YO, IT'S SPIDER-MAN!

This guy tried to kill me and my family, so when he sees me, my guess is that he'll react big-time.

And with any luck, his reaction will be enough to trigger my spider sense.

HEY, WHATCHOO DOIN' HERE, SPIDEY? YOU NEED A LIFT SOMEWHERE?



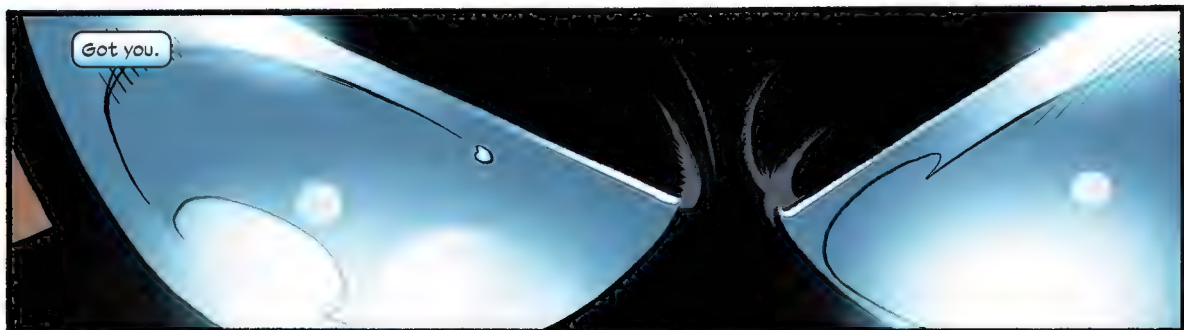



SHH...I THINK HE'S
CONCENTRATING.

DON'T
TOUCH HIM,
MAN, I'M
SERIOUS.

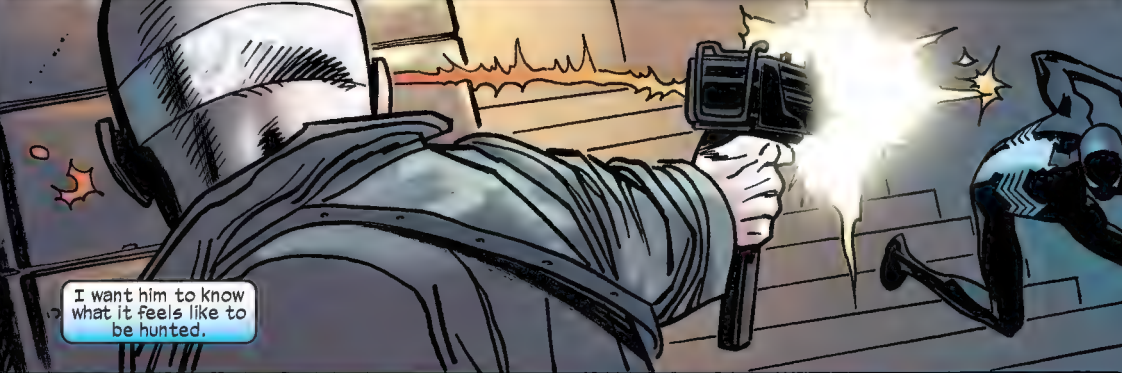


Got you.






He makes a break
for it. Good. I
WANT him to run.



I want him to know
what it feels like to
be hunted.



Cornered.



Outgunned.

Doomed.



He drops the gun as I break his arm.

CRACK!







YOU DIDN'T SHOW ANY MERCY, WHY SHOULD I?

I DIDN'T--

YOU'RE A COWARD. THE WORST KIND OF COWARD, WHO HIDES BEHIND A TELESCOPIC LENS AND FIRES FROM COVER. AFRAID TO SHOW YOUR FACE. AFRAID TO LOOK YOUR VICTIMS IN THE EYE.

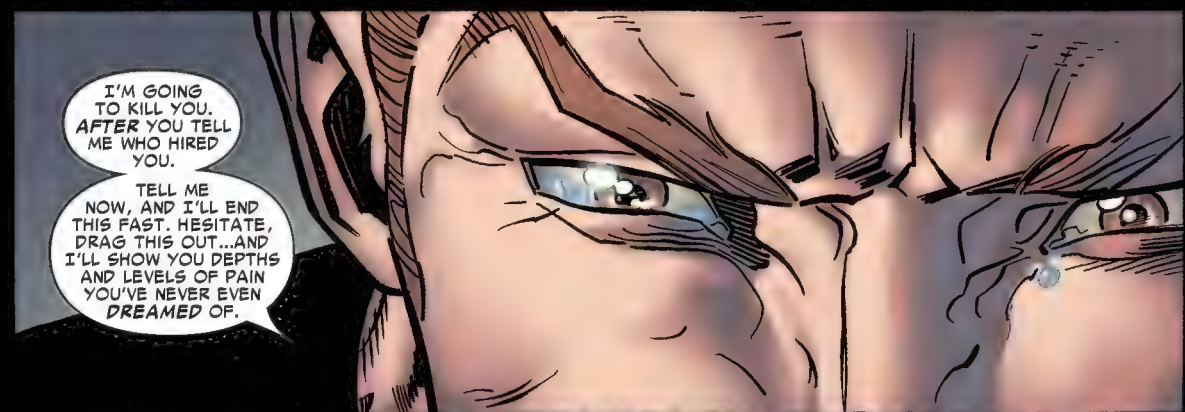
WELL, LOOK IN MY EYES, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.

NO? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE? THEN LET ME ELUCIDATE.



I'M GOING TO KILL YOU. AFTER YOU TELL ME WHO HIRED YOU.

TELL ME NOW, AND I'LL END THIS FAST. HESITATE, DRAG THIS OUT...AND I'LL SHOW YOU DEPTHS AND LEVELS OF PAIN YOU'VE NEVER EVEN DREAMED OF.

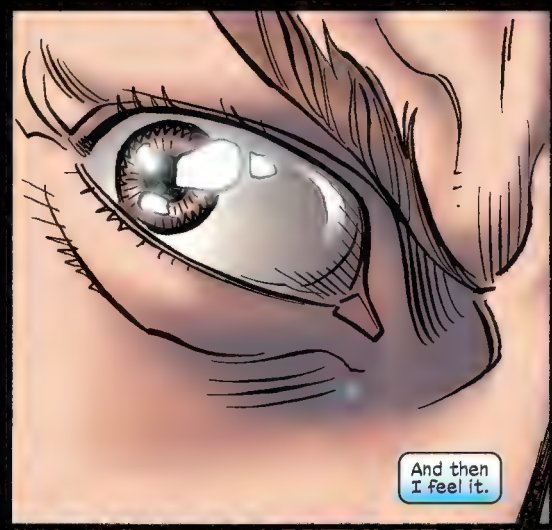


I... I...

He's going to give up the name. I can tell.



And then I feel it.

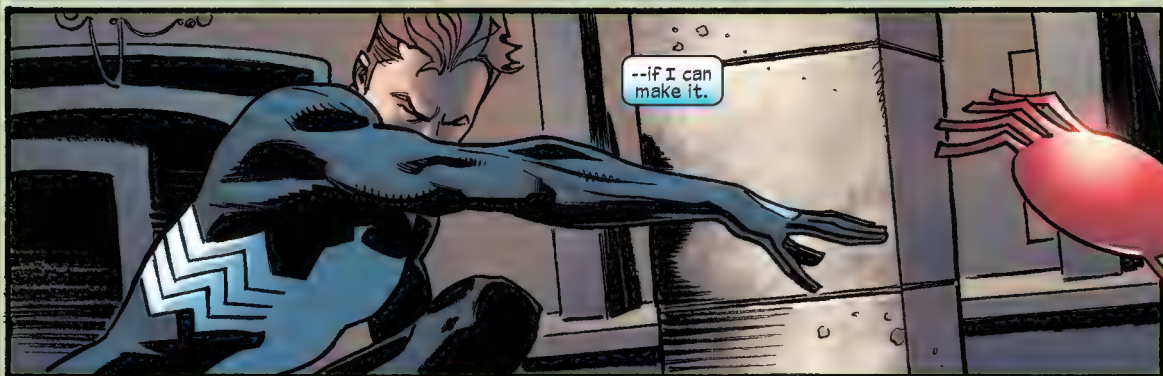




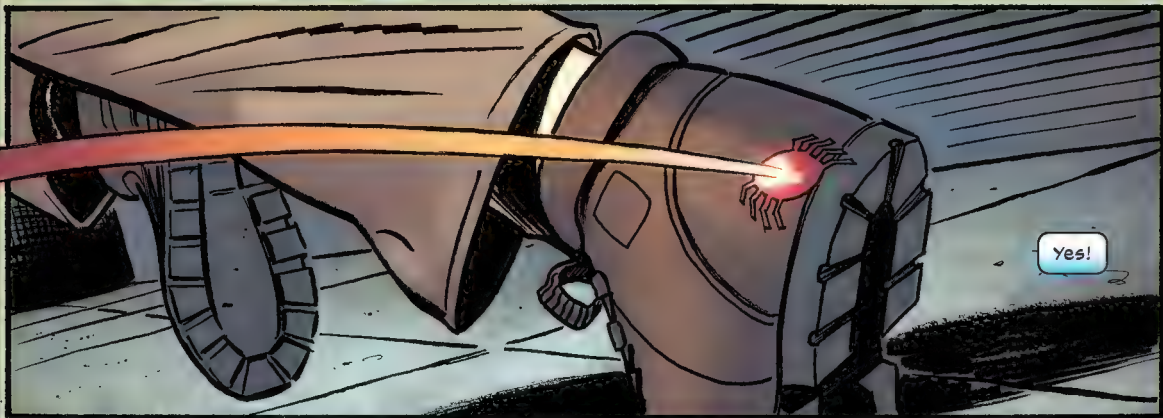
No!



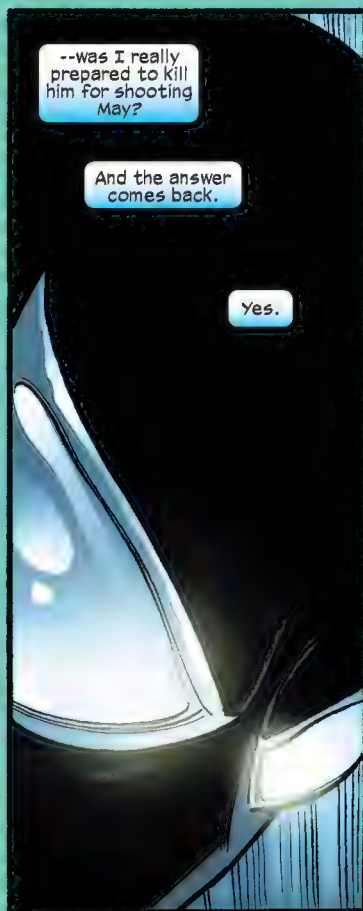
Martino's
unconscious.
Just one
chance--



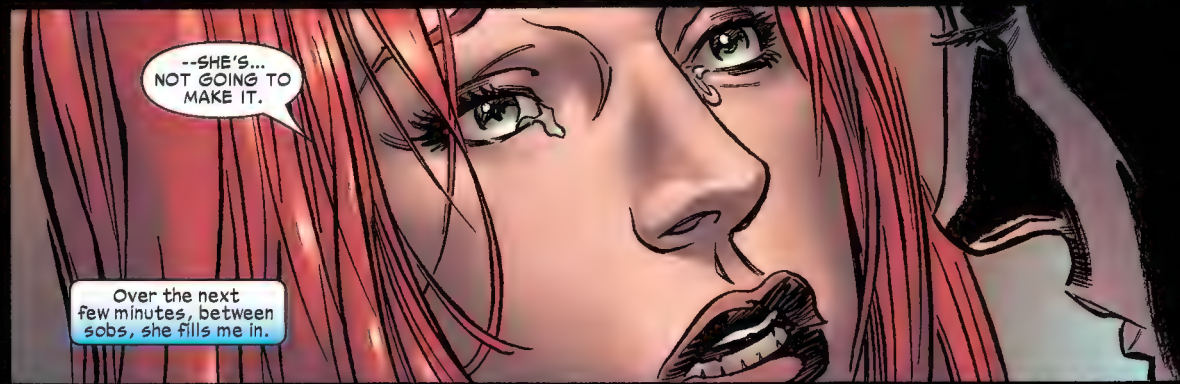
--if I can
make it.

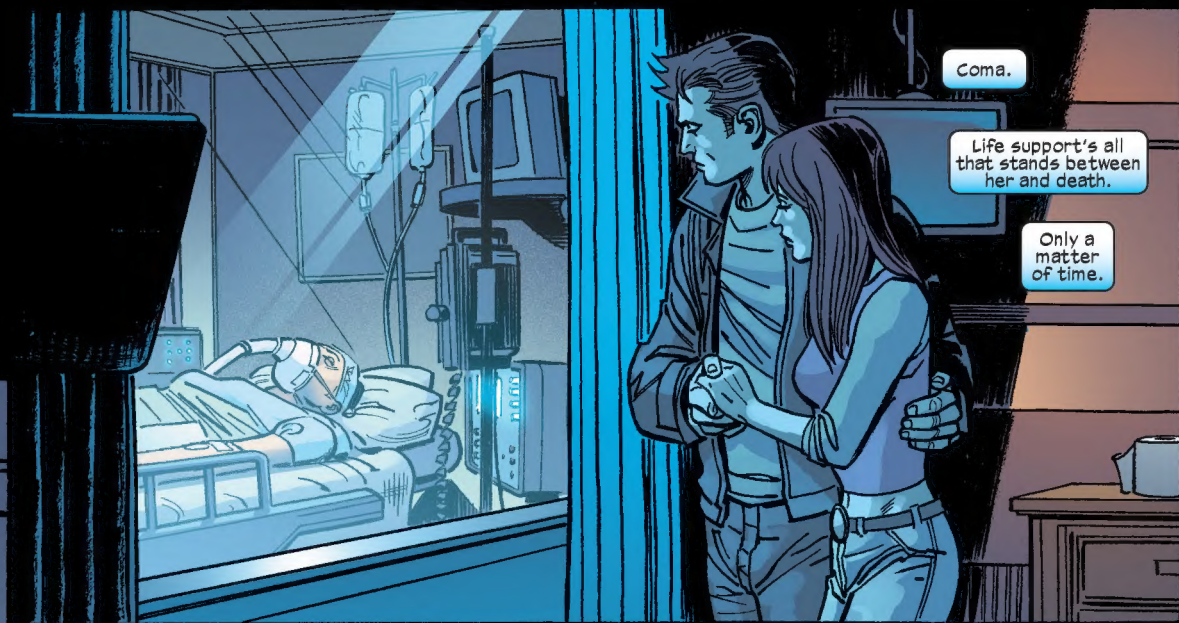


Yes!



But I discover the universe is still capable of dramatic irony as we pull into the same hospital where May is being treated.





Coma.

Life support's all
that stands between
her and death.

Only a
matter of
time.

A matter
of time.



IT'S NO
GOOD...

HE'S
GONE.

MARK TIME
OF DEATH FOR
THE CERTIFICATE,
AND NOTE
CAUSE AS--

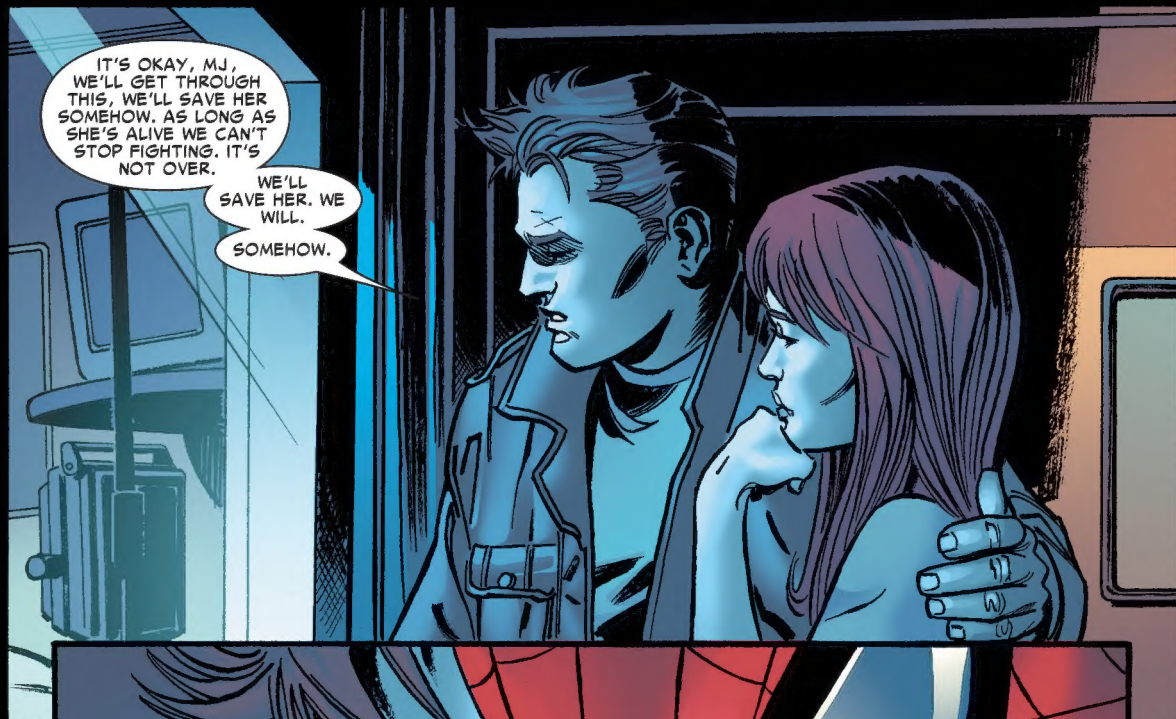


"--DEATH BY
GUNSHOT."



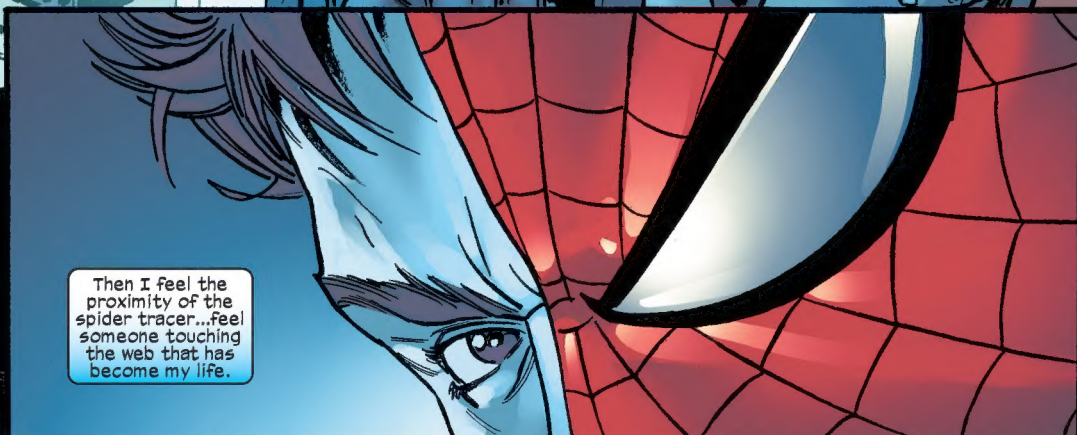
A sniper killed from
afar by another man with
a gun and good aim.

The symmetries tonight
are so thick you could
cut them with a knife.



IT'S OKAY, MJ,
WE'LL GET THROUGH
THIS, WE'LL SAVE HER
SOMEHOW. AS LONG AS
SHE'S ALIVE WE CAN'T
STOP FIGHTING. IT'S
NOT OVER.

WE'LL
SAVE HER. WE
WILL.
SOMEHOW.



Then I feel the
proximity of the
spider tracer...feel
someone touching
the web that has
become my life.



And I know
it's time.

YEAH, HE'S
GONE. NO, AS FAR
AS I KNOW, HE DIDN'T
TALK. DIDN'T HAVE
TIME. WE TOOK
CARE OF IT.



PSST...
HEY,
MISTER...
HEY--
YOU GOT
ANY OTHER
INSTRUCTIONS?
SORRY,
I DIDN'T HEAR
YOU, I--



SHHHHH....
MMPTHHH!

--WE'LL
FIGURE IT OUT
FROM THERE.



I RECOMMEND CLEARING OUT HIS APARTMENT IN CASE HE LEFT BEHIND ANYTHING THAT CAN TIE US TO THIS.

THEN JUST LIE LOW UNTIL I GET BACK TO YOU.

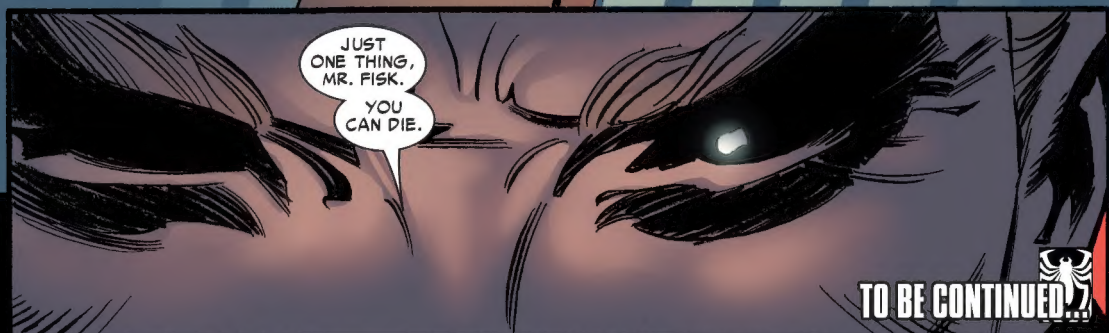
It's just a single sentence...but I'd recognize that voice anywhere.



HELLO, MR. FISK.



WELL, HELLO, MR. PARKER. AND WHAT MAY I DO FOR YOU?



JUST ONE THING, MR. FISK.
YOU CAN DIE.

TO BE CONTINUED...



NEXT ISSUE:



© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.